



*The
Hoefler
Story*



It is the year 1760 in a little village in Germany. In a tiny spotless sweetmeat shop, nestled in a setting in which Hansel and Gretel's gingerbread house might have been created, Herr Hoefler and his good Frau pore over shining kettles, stirring aromatic mixtures destined to cool into sugar plums for the delight of the laughing children of the village. Never a festival, never a wedding, never a merry occasion, without Hoefler's toothsome delights, four long generations ago.

It is the year 1852, and another Hoefler bids a tearful farewell to his friends and scenes of his childhood as he sets sail for the bright promise of a new world. 1852, and Syracuse, New York, sees another spotless sweetmeat shop, proudly displaying the name Hoefler, proudly displaying gleaming glass jars of goodies, and polished glass cases against which little noses pressed as hot little hands released precious pennies in exchange for the mouth-watering wonders so hard to choose between.

It is the year 1898, and Henry R. Hoefler, son of the Syracuse candy maker (and father of the West Coast clan), harkens to the siren call of adventure in the West. And so . . . on to Astoria, Oregon, long-time stronghold of John Jacob Astor's fur trade with Alaskans and the Indians.

It is the year 1911, Oregon's Centennial Celebration of the Territory's first trading post . . . first west of the Mississippi. Here Henry Hoefler contributes his share to the celebration by the creation of the first *Centennial Chocolates*, king-sized, rum-flavored confections never before equalled, never since surpassed.

It is the "expensive elegance" of Hoefler's *Centennial Chocolates* that prompted Kathryn Forbes, famed California authoress, to give five distinct mentions

of these famous chocolates (now packed in the unique Cable Car Box) in her best seller, "Mama's Bank Account," from which sprang the heart-warming stage and screen success, "I Remember Mama."

The same wonderful, world-famous chocolates now manufactured by Anna Hoefler, widow of Henry, and her two sons, Myron and Raymond. Even now, when the modest little Astoria-born business has become an important and traditional San Francisco industry, Anna Hoefler has kept the woman's touch . . . that feminine awareness that must preclude the strictly commercial approach which sometimes may be tempted to sacrifice quality for profit.

So goes the nearly two-century saga of the Hoefler's, from 1760 until now, proud name in the history of *fine* candy making.

THE HOEFLER'S



ANNA

MYRON

RAYMOND